

THE DEMOCRAT.

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WE MUST WORK FOR THE PEOPLE'S WELFARE.

W. H. Kitchin, Owner.

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HOMEWARD.

(Published by request.)

The day dies slowly in the western sky.
The sunset splendor fades; and wan and cold
The far peak wails the sunrise cheerily.
The ebbing waves call his wanderer to the fold.
My weary soul that fain would cease to roam
Take courage! Evening brings all things—home.
Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull
takes her flight;
The ebbing waves beat softer on the sand;
The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night;
The shadows deepen o'er the sea and land.
Be still my soul! Thine hour shall also come.
Behold! One evening God shall call thee home.

A PRAYER FOR THE ABSENT.

(Published by request.)

Oh, God! I pray to Thee,
Whose watchful eye beholds us day by day,
Whose love supports us in the darkest day,
Thou art still near him, though so far away.
Watch o'er him tenderly.
Make him Thy love and care,
Let sweetest peace upon his head descend;
Be Thou forevermore his Guide and Friend;
May the rich blessings of Thy love attend
And guard him everywhere.
Save him from every ill,
Grant that the sorrows of his life be few;
Friends whom he cherishes be good and true,
And in the darkest paths he journeys through.
Be Thou with him still.
Make him a holy heart!
May he press forward in Thy fear always;
Let not temptation and the world have sway,
And when his feet would falter by the way,
Thy strength impart.
Bless him, oh God! through all,
When life is beautiful—when life is o'er—
Grant him all happiness forevermore,
Bless him and keep him!—I can ask no more.
For the tears that fall!

CONTENTMENT NOT ALWAYS A BLESSING.

(This is an excellent essay prepared for, and read before the S. N. L. Society, Dec. 1st, by a lady member—Ed.)

Philosophers assert that human learning is progressive and that all future generations will continue to make discoveries and inventions. This proposition accepted as true, the idea of contentment in the higher order of mankind is negated. Those who take a superficial view of life and its true aims will most positively assert the affirmative of the subject under review, but those who think and dive beneath the surface know that the world is not the place where such a flower grows into beauty and luxuriance.

The contented man is not a perfect man. As the world judges, perfection does not follow contentment; the restive, active, ambitious, never-to-be-satisfied men are the world's benefactors.

The heroes who weep for new worlds to conquer make an impress, greater on society—and in this world is involved government, laws, and religion—than that Parisian class who fold their arms and give thanks that they are not as other men.

Our own experience and observation and the accumulated wisdom of the world, yes, the Holy one Himself, tells us that it is our duty to improve the talent given us. Indirectly then, we have the command, "move on, upward and onward." Man has followed this law—for law it is—until it seems that there is nothing more to be done.

Everywhere we see the achievements and accomplishments of unretiring spirits that is ever looking up, up, up. The genius of Discontent has given us those discoveries in Science, which are now so familiar to all, that it is trite and commonplace to speak of them. What would the bigoted contented man have said sixty years ago if he had been told that in 1884, by a touch of the finger in Washington and Paris, machinery would be made to revolve and perform its functions in New Orleans? Nothing can be done without hope; the contented man thinks there is nothing to be done.

He is satisfied, The world to him is finished. He strives for nothing, he hopes for nothing, he does nothing, he will please himself with his lot, though greatness may have been thrust upon him; through the glasses with

which he views the world, all things are good, he sees only the flowers, the thorns and thistles are hidden from his view. The misery of this world is sufficiently apparent for the blindest to see it and so deep and widespread as to make the most unsympathetic of mortals sorrowful, and to appeal to their feelings to alleviate it as far as possible. A thoroughly contented man must be thoroughly selfish, and it is matter of little regret that there is a little of real contentment in this world. This so-called virtue is too frequently a mere name for indifference to the feelings of others. The contented man never aspires to anything higher, he is willing to sit on the round of the ladder on which accident of birth has placed him and look on things above and beneath him with the utmost indifference; he thinks it silly nonsense to go in pursuit of riches; if any wind, perchance, may blow him success he takes it, provided there is no exertion on his part, he neither stirs hand nor foot. And why should he? Is he not contented?

He sees men pass him by and climb to the top of the ladder of fame. It makes no change in him; or may be, some more unfortunate struggles are beneath him engulfed in the dark waters of ruin, and pray to him for helping a hand, but he doesn't hear them. And why should he? Is he not contented?

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast" but he has naught to do with such a hope; his condition remains unchanged to the end of the chapter. But the ambitious man (and such are our great men) is not contented with the lower round of the ladder, he reaches higher and is not satisfied until he surmounts every obstacle and stands on the highest pinnacle. Nor is he contented to see others at rest and hear them say I am satisfied, I see no use in exerting myself, he urges them to rise higher and when necessary makes a way and bids them follow.

This high order of discontent which I have written is not inconsistent with true happiness; there is another kind of discontent which is as unworthy as the other is worthy. There are those who see no beauty in life; to them there is no sunshine, no flowers, all is darkness and gloom, they have no noble aspirations, they envy others, they lament their conditions in life, they curse the world, they complain, but determination and resolve are wanting. This class has the unworthy kind.

There are those who see beauty everywhere. To them dark days come but hope tells them that brighter ones are not far away. Failures they have, but a great mind tells them there are no grand successes without grand failures. More favored ones they see, but correct comparison shows them less happier ones. They repine not, they envy not, but down deep in their hearts slumbers the resolve to do and to dare, and taking Him for their guide in whom there is no guile. Heaven alone will satisfy.

NAMES OF THE DAYS AND MONTHS.

All our boys and girls know the names of our days and months; but how many of them can tell the origin of these names—that is, where they came from and why they were given. Suppose we talk a little about it; and then, whenever you speak of the months or days, try to recall the facts that have caused us to use these names.

The English language is a mixture of Saxon and Norman French coming to us through our English ancestors, the early settlers of the United States. As long ago as the fifth century after the birth of our Saviour, a fierce people, called the Saxons, completely overran and conquered the islands of Great Britain; and their language, religion and customs very soon took the place of those of the Britons. They had subdued. These Saxons were pagans, and worshipped the sun, the moon and a number of other idols, which they called gods. As they wished to inculcate a belief in their

false religion, they named the days in the week after some of the more prominent subjects of their worship and to this day these names have been retained though in a slightly modified form.

As they devoted the first day of the week especially to the work of the sun, they called the day Sun doeg or Sunday, as we have it. Their idol, intended to personate the sun, had a bust of a man, and held in outstretched arms a fiery wheel before his breast. The whole aspect was very fierce, and the figure was placed on a lofty pedestal, so as to be seen at a great distance.

The second day, being set apart for the worship of the moon, they called it Moon's doeg, or Moon-day now Monday. The idol by which they represented the moon was in the form of a woman, with very long ears. She was clothed in a short dress and hood and held the moon in her hand.

They had also an idol named Tuisco, who was at first worshipped as the father of the Teutonic race, but later as the Son of the Earth. He was represented as a venerable sage, with mild countenance, and was clothed in the skin of some animal and held a scepter in his right hand. To this god the Saxons dedicated the third day, calling it Tuisco doeg which we have gradually softened down to Tuesday.

The name of the fourth Woden's doeg, whence we derive our Wednesday. Woden or Odin was the supreme god of the Norsemen, or men of the North of whom the Saxons were a part and their mythology is chiefly made up of the wonderful feats of this favorite idol. His image was of fierce, war-like aspect and he held a huge sword in his right hand, which was uplifted as if ready to strike down his foes.

Woden's eldest son was Thor, who, next to his parents, was esteemed as the greatest of gods, both by the Saxons and Danes. In appearance he is the most distinguished of all their idols, and is represented as seated on the throne, with a royal scepter in his hand, and his head adorned with a golden crown, in which are set twelve brightly gleaming stars. The fifth day was devoted to his worship, and thence called Thor's, or Thursday.

Friday, or Friga's doeg, derives its name from Friga's, the wife of Woden and the mother of Thor. She, like her husband and son, was a favorite with all the Norsemen, and the different clans vied with each other in making the most costly sacrifices to her. She was represented with a sword in her right hand, and a bow in her left—the first for conquest, second for defense.

The Saxon dedicated the seventh or last day of the week, to Seater or Saturn, calling it Seater's doeg, or Saturday, as we now express it. This idol was shown with a lean face and figure, his head uncovered and his long garments girt about the waist, thus symbolizing the binding together of the seven days; while the wheel in one hand and the pair of fruits and flowers in the other, are supposed to represent the former the passage of time, and the latter the result of the week's labor.

The names of our months we derive from the Romans, who conquered Great Britain very soon after the commencement of the Christian era. January is named from Jannus, a two-faced Roman idol, to indicate that it points toward the old season just finished, and the new one just begun. February was named by Romulus, from Februus, the mother of Mars, and March from Mars, the god of war himself. April receives its name from Apure, to open, because then the earth opens her bosom to pour forth her long hidden treasures. May was so called from Maia, the mother of Mercury, and June from Juno, the wife of Jupiter, all favorite deities of the Romans. July was named by Mark Antony, in honor of the celebrated Roman emperor Julius Caesar the first of his nation who attempted the conquest of Great Britain. August, which means grand or great received its name in compliment to another Roman emperor, called Octavius Augustus. September is named from Septem, seven, and

October from Octo, the eighth; November from Novem, the ninth; and December from Decem, the tenth month of the Roman year. As a matter of convenience the names have been retained though inappropriate according to the numbering of the months.—Fannie Fuge, in *Knowledge*.

THE FUN WAS NOT OVER.

A very interesting wedding occurred over at Hook's Springs the other night. Ben Lother and Ida Grimes ran away from the neighborhood where they had been reared and applied to young Wilkison who recently accepted a call to preach. The arrival of the runaway couple soon became known and quite a number of young people gathered at the school house where the ceremony was to be performed. The preacher, upon arriving, called Bill Fellers to one side and said:

"Bill, I couldn't refuse to accommodate that young couple, but to tell the truth I don't know how to perform a marriage ceremony. I was never married and I never saw anybody married, and I don't understand the performance."
"I never saw anybody married, either," Bill replied, "and I don't believe there's anybody here that understands it."
"It won't do to disappoint them, for I understand the girl's father is in pursuit. Let's see, you were commissioned as a justice of the peace the other day, weren't you?"
"Yes, but the papers didn't shed any light on marriage ceremonies."
"I don't know what to do about it," the young preacher continued. "They've begun to grow restless, you see."
"Well, parson, I don't understand it any more than you do but I am willing, if you'll help me kill hogs next week, to take the job off your hands."
"All right."
Bill turned to the company and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we've met here to engage in a very serious business. This young couple, pointing, think they ought to be married, and it ain't for me to say they ought not. Young fellow have you got your license?"
"Yes, sir."
"All right. Hop out here now." The young couple advanced.
"Join hands," said Bill. "I would like to say that the new ceremony just approved by the governor, has gone into effect. Those who have never seen this ceremony performed, will doubtless be amused at its novelty, but I'll say right here that all snickering will be treated as a contempt of court. Young man, what is your business?"

"I am a farmer."
"Ah, bah. How many rails can you split in a day?"
"Four hundred in good timber."
"Will you swear it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Hold up your right hand."
He held up his hand and was sworn. Bill continued:
"Are you a good hand to cover corn?"
"Yes, sir."
"Please say 'yes, your honor.'"
"Yes, your honor."
"That's right. How much can you cover in a day?"
"Three acres if the land's in good condition."
"Will you swear it?"
"Yes, sir."
"Yes, your honor."
"Excuse me. Yes your honor."
"Hold up your right hand."
Again he was sworn.

"What was the weight of the largest bass you ever caught?"
"I don't remember exactly. About five pounds, I reckon."
"Will you swear it?"
"No, your honor."
"All right. Are you willing to marry this girl?"
"Yes, your honor. If I wasn't I wouldn't have brought her here."
"That's what I thought," Bill meditatively replied. "You love her, I reckon?"
"Yes, your honor."
"How much?"
"Oh, I don't know. Ever so

much." "What did she say when you asked her?"
"She said 'yes.'"
"Glad to hear it."
"Now young lady, you will please advance and kiss the judge."
The girl hesitated a moment, but she stepped forward and kissed Bill.

"Do you love this man?"
"Yes, sir."
"Yes, your honor."
The girl corrected her mistake.
"How much do you love him?"
"Lots."
"Glad to hear it. Please step forward and kiss the judge."
Again she kissed him.

"Remember that you are under oath, did you ever love any one else?"
"Yes, your honor."
"Why didn't you marry him?"
"He didn't ask me."
"Please advance and kiss the judge."
"Look here, 'squire," said the would be bridegroom, "I believe we had rather be married the old way."
"The old way is repealed. Young lady, how old are you?"
"Look here judge," said the now impatient lover, "that's none of your business."
"Yes, it is. Young lady, please advance and kiss the judge."
"No, I'll be blamed if she shall!" exclaimed the young man, "and more than that, this thing has gone far enough. Now I want to ask you a few questions. Don't move." The young fellow whipped out a pistol and Bill's knees began bump each other. "Now just stand there. Did you ever see a bigger liar than you are?"
"No, sir."
"No, colonel."
"No, colonel," Bill repeated.
"Wouldn't you steal if you got a chance?"
"Yes, colonel."
"That's what I thought. Now confound you, lead us to a preacher's house pretty devilish quick. Come on, folks. The fun ain't over yet."—Traveler.

COMPLETE VINDICATION.
A fire occurred in an Arkansas town the other night, but the chief of the fire department paid no attention to the alarm. The next night he was summoned to appear before the council.
"Mr. Chief," said the mayor, "did you hear the fire alarm last night?"
"Yes."
"Were you in good health at the time of the alarm?"
"Yes, believe I was."
"Then, you acknowledge a wilful neglect of duty?"
"No, sir."
"Why, then, did you not respond if you were not determined to neglect your duty?"
"Couldn't get away."
"Illness in your family?"
"No."
"Then, sir, I demand your reason."
"Well, you see a passel of us fellows were in Anderson's back room when the bell rang. I had four acres at the time, and—"
"What?"
"Yes, held four acres. John Buckner began to bluff, and—"
"How did it result?" the mayor asked with heightened interest.
"Oh, I lifted him for about two hundred."
"You don't say so! Gentlemen, that was doubtless a very interesting game. As there is no business of importance we'll adjourn and go down to Anderson's back room."
Next morning the daily paper contained the following notice:
The enemies of our chief of the fire department having circulated reports to the effect that he had wilfully neglected his duty, that gentleman was last night summoned before the city council to answer the charges brought against him. The investigation resulted in a complete vindication of our worthy chief, and friends on every side pressed forward to congratulate him. The adulter's tongue is ever sippant, and to our shame be it said, we are sorry to have had to back up the chief of the

trader. Our worthy chief will be a candidate for re-election, and, as the matter now stands, it will be impossible to defeat him."—Traveler.

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The "Gazette" also contains the Lists of "Unclaimed Dividends" in the Bank of England, giving the names and amounts.
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Scotland Neck, N. C. June 25, 1885.

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